

Wasn't Your Fault

Snoop Dogg

Yeah, niggas wanna take care of these hoes
Niggas wanna control these hoes
You can't control these bitches
These are independent bitches these years You can't understand the 2000 in here?
Motherfuckers wanna put they mack down
Wanna put they soder down
Let a bitch do what she wanna do If she chose to ride wit' a G then let her ride wit' a G
The bitch don't wanna sit back and be a housewife all the time
Let the ho be what she wanna be
A real slut and let the ho get on and make her money You understand? I got a homey sittin' by me
Understand this nigga don't understand because he's a young nigga
You know what I'm sayin'? I'm been in the game since '85
And I know a ho don't do nothin', wanna play a nigga like 9 to 5, alright Yikes, Shabba dabble do, I can dig it
baby, you know
Because these hoes, they can't be controlled
You gotta find 'em, spot 'em, send 'em
Get 'em, got 'em, you know It wasn't your fault
You was only tryin' to be nice
Only tryin' to be nice, ohh
You know you can't control these hoes
You know you can't control these hoes
You know you can't control these hoes What she do, she jumped out of her sleep
And left the pad at a quarter to two
That's on you, you shoulda put your foot in her ass
Like a pimp's supposed to do But instead of goin' 'upside da head'
You bought her a 5 karat wit' your bread
And then she went and gave her homeboy Ted some head
I ain't tellin' on her, I'm just sayin', what you do When your bitch out of bounds and you don't know what to do
What we do, we check 'em from the gate, to keep a bitch straight
It's on you, see you can take her out and buy her all types of things
You's a fool, 'cause when she leave you, for what he do, you'll see fool It wasn't your fault
You was only tryin' to be nice
Only tryin' to be nice, ohh
You know you can't control these hoes
You know you can't control these hoes
You know you can't control these hoes Me and you, that's what you thought
'Til your ass got caught
Shame on you and now I understand
Why my momma used to tell me that Ain't that true, you can't make a queen

Out a motherfuckin' hoodrat
Game on you, 'cause now you back at your momma house
And you sleepin' on tha copeasack What's she do, I gave her the keys to my '74 Cadillac
Say it ain't true, she let a nigga drive it, ask tha homie Battlecat
Whatchu do, put my foot in her ass and mashed tha gas
You know me and ever since that day my nigga, I've been P I M P It wasn't your fault
You was only tryin' to be nice
Only tryin' to be nice, ohh
You know you can't control these hoes
You know you can't control these hoes
You know you can't control these hoes That's your boo, but she know every nigga in the Roc-A-Fella Crew
That's on you, baby blow too much, I mean she know too much
That's my boo, it's all about who she did and where she been
I love you, you shouldn't a told her that, you should a smacked her flat Shame on you, your so in love you fittin'
to get a tattoo
That ain't cool, love is blind and no friend of mine
If I was you, I'd a packed her bags and bust anotha bitch thats bad
Game got rules, if you lose a ho', you gotta gain a ho' It wasn't your fault
You was only tryin' to be nice
Only tryin' to be nice, ohh
You know you can't control these hoes
You know you can't control these hoes
You know you can't control these hoes

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